

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 20.

Boston, March, 1888.

No. 10.



KEEPING GUARD.

"THE misery of keeping a dog is his dying so soon; but to be sure, if he lived for fifty years and then died, what would become of me?"—Sir Walter Scott.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

There arrived in Louisville, a few days ago, a poor man who, accompanied by his small dog, had walked all the way from Mississippi to obtain treatment in our hospital. When told that he could enter the hospital but must abandon his dog to take care of himself, *the poor man took the dog in his arms and with tears running down his face said he was the best friend he had in the world, and he would rather die with his dog in the street than go to the hospital and abandon him.* The commissioner gave him a permit to enter the hospital and to take his dog with him.—*Louisville, Kentucky, Courier Journal.*

OUR MASSACHUSETTS DOGS.

Although probably not less than a million of our Massachusetts people, including the children, love dogs; yet we have had at periods more or less frequent, various attempts to obtain laws which would compel the killing of nearly every *poor man's dog* in the State.

We are now informed by friends in various towns that we are again to be called upon at the present session of our Legislature to defend these dumb friends of ours whom *Cuvier*, the greatest naturalist of the world, has declared to be "*the most useful conquest ever made by man.*" Sometimes these attacks have been on the ground of *hydrophobia*, and we have had occasion to prove that in the large city of Boston, during about forty years since the records of deaths have been kept, only two deaths from this cause have been reported, both of which were doubtful cases; and that actual deaths from this disease have been so rare as to lead various of our most eminent physicians to doubt whether *hydrophobia* is anything more than a disease of the imagination.

But this time we understand that, forgetting the facts that in all sheep raising countries dogs abound—that in former days when sheep were largely raised in our Massachusetts country towns dogs were more plentiful than now—that the *Ettrick Shepherd* has told us that *the whole mountainous country of Scotland would hardly be worth a sixpence but for the dogs that watch the sheep*—forgetting the poultry interests of the State, infinitely larger and more important than sheep raising—forgetting the burglaries, fires and losses of life and property prevented by dogs, of which our papers give accounts every week and sometimes almost every day—the lonely houses protected and the happiness of children in the society of companions that neither drink, smoke, chew nor swear, and always return gratitude for kindness—forgetting the entire practicability of protecting sheep not only by shepherd dogs, but as has been often proved, by bells, goats, barbed wire fence and otherwise—forgetting all these things, it is proposed to obtain a law taxing all male dogs in the State at a valuation of \$300, and all female dogs at a valuation of \$600, and that every dog so taxed, if found anywhere without its owner or keeper may be summarily shot, clubbed, stoned or poisoned.

If this law should pass, then in towns where the tax rate is high *poor men* would be compelled to kill their dogs, and if *poor men* are compelled to kill their dogs it is to be feared that unless *rich men* watch their dogs very carefully there will be great danger that they also will be killed.

So long as God spares our life and gives us power to speak and work, we shall to the best of our ability oppose all such laws, as against not only the best interests of the dogs, but also against the best interests of this Commonwealth.

HOW THE DUTCH REPUBLIC WAS SAVED.

The Hon. Charles Francis Adams writes the *Boston Herald* as follows:

"Most persons have heard of the great William of Orange, called 'The Silent.' If the dog enemies will turn to Motley's 'History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic,' (vol. 2, p. 398), they'll find this little incident related. On the night of the 12th of September, 1572, a body of Alva's Spanish troops surprised Dutch William's camp. They slaughtered right and left—for two hours long the Spaniards butchered their foes. Then Motley goes on to describe what happened:—

"The boldest, led by Julian in person, made at once for the Prince's tent. His guards and himself were in a profound sleep, but a small spaniel, which always passed the night upon his bed, was a more faithful sentinel. The creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of hostile footsteps, and scratching his master's face with his paws. There was but just time for the Prince to mount a horse, which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape through the darkness before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down, his master of the horse and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives, and but for the little dog's watchfulness William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day the Prince ever afterwards kept a spaniel of the same race in his bed-chamber."

"Motley might also have added that in the Church at Delft may be seen to this day at the foot of the recumbent statue of the great Hollander the figure in stone of that 'little spaniel.'"

LIVES SAVED AT GLOUCESTER, MASS.

The schools were dismissed Thursday noon, and many of the children had a narrow escape, some of them being obliged to seek shelter in the neighborhood of the school-houses from their inability to face the storm. Two new buildings were blown down in this gale, and three vessels were driven ashore in the harbor. It was in this storm that three children of Mr. Timothy Tracy, while on their way home from school at Riverdale, were buried in a snow-drift, and would have perished but for an intelligent dog belonging to Mr. James Jeffs, who discovered them, and, by his barking and scratching into the drift, called attention to their pitiable condition.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*.

SAVED AT WORCESTER, MASS.

Mr. James E. Bennett, who lives at No. 523 Main Street, was awakened shortly before 12 o'clock last night by the barking of his dog. He arose and was startled to find a lively fire in progress in an adjoining room, used as a store-room. He aroused a neighbor in the block, and seizing a pail of water made his way to the roof. The rooms are on the top floor of the block and through a sky-light water was thrown on the flames. More water was passed to Mr. Bennett and he succeeded in extinguishing the fire. The discovery of the fire was most fortunate, and the salvation of a five story block may practically be credited to a faithful dog, and the dumb creation given credit for one more evidence of an intelligence almost human. The loss will not amount to much, but had the blaze not been discovered as it was, thousands of dollars would not probably have covered the damage.—*Worcester Evening Gazette*, Feb. 16, 1883.

BELLS FOR SHEEP.

The cheapest and best insurance against dogs killing sheep are bells—plenty of bells. The sheep-dog is a great coward when in pursuit of mischief, and he wants to do it quietly—wants no noise, no alarm. Bells bought at wholesale do not cost much. Buy a side of bridle leather at the currier's, for collars, and put a bell on every sheep, if your flock is small. The price of one sheep will buy a gross of bells and leather enough and buckles to strap them. Put this gross of bells on a flock of sheep and they will frighten every dog out of the field.—*South-ern Farmer*.

THE DOG FOR WHOM A COSTLY MONUMENT HAS BEEN ERECTED IN EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.



We gave in our February No. a most eloquent extract from a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn.

We give here a similar one from a sermon preached in Belfast, Ireland, by the Rev. Doctor D. Magill, L.L.D., in which he gives the history of this Edinburgh dog.

"I cannot pass our faithful friend, the Dog, without special notice. He has attached himself to man. The love of a dog for his master is such, that no waters of bitterness can quench it. When all others forsake us our dogs remain true as the dial to the sun. There was more than poetry in Byron's exclamation, as he looked down on his sleeping dog, and exclaimed—'I never had a friend but one and there he lies.' Again the name and genius of Sir Edwin Landseer come up. In his great piece, 'The Chief Mourner,' we have the coffined dead in the Highland cottage, with cap, plaid, spectacles, and staff; but the chief figure is the shepherd's dog on his haunches, with his head resting ruefully on the coffin lid. We fancy we can see the glistering reflection of a tear in the good dog's eye. If dogs can weep—if that chief mourner gave such a tribute to his dead master, it was a tear indeed—it was a tear that would not stain the clearest rill that sparkles in the bowers of bliss.

Xanthippus, whose dog swam by the side of his galley to Salamis, when the Athenians were forced to abandon their city, was afterwards buried by his master upon a promontory, called to this day, 'The Dog's Grave.' But what comes nearer to us is the report given in the *London Times*, of a heroic deed. It appears, that so far back as 1858, a funeral reached the old Greyfriar's graveyard in Edinburgh. Among others, it was attended by a chief mourner—the dead man's faithful dog. The human beings went each to their own home from the place of sepulture. The chief mourner—the dog—alone remained. So inconsolable was he, that for 14 years—till 1872—he refused to leave the neighborhood of his Master's grave. And the whole city heard of the dog's love and loyalty, and little children were brought to see a dog whose love was stronger even than death; and men and women blushed with conscious shame when they looked at that graveyard dog. There he lay—on the grave he lay—preaching his gospel of love to human kind—preaching an orthodoxy not surpassed for purity by the parson from the pulpit hard by. There he lay, making little boys and girls more tender,

wringing tears from bearded men. Fourteen years he preached his mighty gospel.

Was this great fact to die out of the memories of men? No! Like the affection of Mary to Jesus, this is a story that cannot die. The tombstones of the dead would glitter with letters from Heaven, if no human hand had made the record. The Baroness Burdett Coutts heard of the Greyfriar's dog. The fountain of her womanly heart was broken. We cannot (she thought) forget such devotion. In this hard world, we must husband such a story as this—we cannot afford to forget it—we must tell it to future ages—we must send the report of this loyal love down through the centuries. And at her expense was erected near the entrance of the church-yard, a fountain of marble, with the dog in bronze surmounting it, with this inscription—'A tribute to the affectionate fidelity of Greyfriar's Bobby. In 1858, this faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Greyfriar's Church-yard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872.'

This noble lady, in ordering that monument to such a dog, performed a more heroic act than the entire British Empire when they built the lion-guarded, cloud-piercing pillar to Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square!!

The sentimentality of a woman, this, some cynics will say! If so, it is a thing she has in common with the conquerors of the world. True heroes are always humane. Alexander the Great overran the whole earth with his conquests; yet he found time to build two cities—one in remembrance of his war-horse Bucephalus, and another in token of his affection for his dog Perita. Whatever variety there may be in religion as written down in creeds, there is none as it is written down in conduct. Mercy to man and beast is the great characteristic. Mercy which

'Droppeth as the gentle dew from Heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed—
It blesteth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.'

GOOD SOCIETY.

[From Peck's Sun].

A boy who owns a dog has good company. They are true friends and neither would think of going back on the other. Their friendship is true and faithful. If you meet one you are pretty sure to see the other near, and if one gets into a quarrel, the other is sure to take a hand. Did you ever notice a boy and a dog that have been together any length of time. Of course you have. Why, they understand each other as well, and better, in fact, than two boys would. The dog knows exactly what his little master means when he speaks, and will stick up his ears, turn his head on one side, then on the other and look the boy square in the face with all but human expression in his countenance when he is being talked to. It is 'love me, love my dog' with every boy. To insult one is to insult the other, and an insult to each is resented by both. You could no more buy that dog of his young master than you could hire him to kill his best friend. The wag of that dog's tail is of more value to the boy than anything else, except his mother's love. A dog is a most excellent companion to a boy. The dumb brute will be true even to death, and his faithfulness does, to a certain extent, create a true and faithful disposition in the boy. A boy is generally in good company when he and his dog go out into the woods and fields, and the parent has a reasonable feeling of security for the boy in such company.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER,
Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary;
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches
of the Parent American Band of Mercy have
been formed, with probably over four hundred
thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living
creatures, and try to protect them from cruel
usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross
out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P.
C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention
of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking,
a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and
other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes
that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy"
by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or
children or both—either signed, or authorized
to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen
for the "Band" and the name and post-office
address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANI-
MALS," full of interesting stories and pictures,
for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals,
containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pic-
tures and one hundred selected stories and
poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold
badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance
Associations and teachers and Sunday school
teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to
sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years
old can form a Band with no cost, and receive
what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn
books, cards of membership, and a membership
book for each Band, the prices are, for badges,
gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon,
four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-
two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of
membership, two cents; and membership book,
eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kind-
ness to Animals" cost only two cents for the
whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The
Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hun-
dred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do
a kind act, to make the world happier or bet-
ter, is invited to address, by letter or postal,
Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street,
Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full in-
formation.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy
Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat
the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of
last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anec-
dotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to
both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instru-
mental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they
have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and
better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

HOW MANY AN- CESTORS HAVE YOU?

Go back thirty gen-
erations. Twice two
are four, twice four
eight, etc. To the
thirtieth generation
add all the intermedi-
ate. It will take but
a few minutes to find
out a good deal more
about your ancestors
than you know now.



THE EDITOR'S BOARDING PLACE.

When the Editor was a college boy he taught school one winter among the
Green Mountains of Vermont. The above is a fair representation of his
boarding place, which he enjoyed vastly more than he has enjoyed many large
hotels he has since visited.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Formed by Massachusetts Society P. C. A.

- 5831 Brockport, N. Y.
Loyal Legion T. U. Band.
P., Mrs. H. A. Perrigo.
S., Ada Knowles.
- 5832 Matamoras, Mexico.
P., Julia L. Ballinger.
- 5833 North Billerica, Mass.
Talbot School Band.
P., Sadie R. Ash.
- 5834 Shell Banks, Ala.
Hanson Band.
P., Essie L. Eastburn.
S., Louisa Nelson.
T., Lena Strong.
- 5835 Cheney, Pa.
P., Maggie L. Brooks.
- 5836 Austin, Texas.
Capitol Band.
P., John M. Proctor.
- 5839 North Woburn, Mass.
Rumford Band.
P., Amanda Sevens.
- 5840 Canton, Ill.
P., Mary Martin.
- 5841 Kennett Square, Pa.
Loyal Temperance Legion Band.
P., Harry Cox.
S., Viola Weldin.
- 5842 Buffalo, N. Y.
Forget-Me-Not Band.
P., Mrs. S. S. Wheeler.
- 5843 Santa Barbara, Cal.
Faith Mission S. S. Band.
P., S. S. Chase.
S., Alice Young.
- 5844 Duluth, Minn.
S., Alice H. Birch.
- 5845 Creighton, Neb.
P., Effie M. Corkill.
S., Ella Smith.
- 5846 West Woodstock, Vt.
Loyal Temperance Legion Band.
P., Minova C. Joy.
- 5847 Brookston, Ind.
I'll Try Band.
P., Nellie Ross.
S., Lucy Street.
T., Emma Stahlman.
- 5848 West Phil, Pa.
Princeton Band.
P., Harry Rochel.
- 5849 Roseville, Cal.
P., Alice J. Entwistle.

WHAT THE PAPERS KEEP SAYING ABOUT OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

1. "We advise every parent and teacher to
send for it. We do not know of any other publica-
tion so full of things to keep the hearts of the
young tender towards all that breathe."—School
Education, St. Paul and Minneapolis.
2. "Very interesting. It has done a vast deal
of good."—Albany, N. Y., Daily Press.
3. "A most readable paper and one we can
heartily recommend."—Signs of the Times, Oak-
land, Cal.
4. "It is a paper we would like to see in the
hands of the young."—Wright Co., Minn., Times.
5. "No better magazine can be put into the
hands of the young."—McGregor, Iowa, News.
6. "Should be in every family where there are
young people."—Pilgrim, Minneapolis.
7. "One of the most interesting exchanges that
come to our table."—Catholic Knight, Cleve-
land, Ohio.
8. "Worthy of particular notice, entertain-
ing and instructive."—Philadelphia Evening
Herald.
9. "Filled with beautiful things for the
young."—Hannibal, Mo., Daily Courier.
10. "Bright, sparkling, full of good reading
and beautifully illustrated."—Leon, Iowa, Re-
porter.
11. "We wish every family in the land could
become its readers."—Richland Co., Dakota,
Gazette.
12. "Finely illustrated, beautiful typographi-
cally and its purpose most commendable."—St.
Marcos, Texas, Gazette.
13. "A magazine every farmer and lover of
dumb animals should subscribe for."—Nora
Springs, Iowa, Advertiser.
14. "Should be in every Sunday-school and
day school in the land."—West Virginia Farmer.
15. "Too large for the narrow limits of the
State of Massachusetts."—Springfield, Ohio,
Daily Republican.
16. "It speaks well."—San Francisco Hotel
Gazette.
17. "It ought to be in the hands of every boy
in the land."—Harrisburg, Pa., Telegraph.
18. "One of our most welcome exchanges."—
Chautauqua, N. Y., Camp and Fireside.
19. "Full of good reading."—Dexter, Iowa,
Sentinel.
20. "A paper that should be in every family."—
Milford Daily News.
21. "Able edited, bristles with good things in
defence of dumb animals."—Tennessean.
22. "Beautiful paper, ought to be read by
everybody."—Preston Co., West Virginia, Jour-
nal.
23. "It comes to our office with a hearty wel-
come."—Blairtown, Iowa, Press.
24. "Sprightly and valuable family paper,
full of good reading."—Cumberland Presbyte-
rian, Nashville, Tenn.
25. "Of all the publications which reach this
office 'Our Dumb Animals' of Boston is the one
which inspires the purest and tenderest thoughts."
—The Putnam, West Virginia, Democrat.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, March, 1888.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk street.

The Society's Boston agents have dealt with 157 complaints of cruelty in the past month.

Bands of Mercy now number 5849.

THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND.

We printed last month *thirty-five thousand* of "Our Dumb Animals" and sent them on their mission of mercy, not only over our own State, but over the whole country. About five thousand to Editors, including all in Southern States and west of the Mississippi River, and about eight thousand to leading teachers in every State and Territory. Thanks to the kind friends who are contributing to our *Missionary Fund* we are now reaching those parts of our country where there is greatest need of humane thought and education. Every humane influence we send is for the benefit of Massachusetts as well. As Edward Everett Hale said at Chicago: "*We are all in one boat—Massachusetts and New Mexico—animals and men.*"

As our *Missionary Fund* grows, so will our work grow. It is a fund to be used now most carefully, most judiciously, not a dollar wasted, not a dollar hoarded for future generations. If we do our duty in the present, future generations will take care of themselves.

INDIA.

"The *Pundita Ramabai*" is proposing to carry our humane education for the protection of animals into India. For this purpose she has selected some forty of the beautiful pictures that have appeared in this paper. Our "Parent American Band of Mercy" has now a Branch in China. It may in a few years have many in India, and so we are working to hasten the day:

"When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song,
That now the angel's sing."

BOSTON COACHMEN.

We are now sending to a long list of the principal coachmen of Boston this paper every month. We send it to their homes, where not only they but their wives and children read it, and look at the pictures, and talk over the stories and thoughts it contains; and we wish to suggest to friends in other cities and towns, whether they can do a kinder thing for horses than to put into the hands of coachmen and drivers this beautiful paper. \$25 pays for 100 copies for one year, and less sums for smaller numbers.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

HOW TEN THOUSAND BOYS AND GIRLS
AS WELL AS OLDER PEOPLE CAN
MAKE LOTS OF MONEY.

We offered in February No. and offer again in these columns to all who secure *four or more annual fifty cent subscriptions to this paper one-half the money*. Every boy or girl who gets four makes a dollar—if forty, ten dollars—if four hundred, one hundred dollars. A Boston boy fourteen years old has just sent in eighteen subscriptions and receives for them four dollars and fifty cents. He is going to get a musical education and is going to pay for it by getting subscriptions for "Our Dumb Animals." Thousands of other boys and girls can do the same just as well. The Editor of this paper gives his time, thoughts and labor for nothing, and yet on our beautiful twelve page monthly the Society does not make one penny. It does not want to. We want a million subscribers and do not want to make a single penny out of subscriptions. We will send sample copies to all who wish to canvass. On receipt at this office in money, or postoffice orders, or express orders, or postage stamps, or checks on Boston or New York, of the four or more half subscriptions, we will send the paper as ordered for one year. We hope that some man, woman or child in every town, not only in Massachusetts but in America, will in the interest of the dumb animals whom we are trying to protect engage in this work.

We believe there is no better way to wake up public sentiment on this subject in any city or town, North, South, East or West, than to get the best and most influential people to subscribe for, read and circulate this paper.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOES OF THE COCKPIT ASK THE GENERAL COURT TO IMPRISON ITS
FRIENDS INSTEAD OF
FINING THEM.

IN THE COMMITTEE ROOMS.

The House judiciary committee listened to the arguments of President Angell of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in favor of making the penalty for cock and dog fighting both fine and imprisonment instead of fine or imprisonment. It was urged that there is a certain wealthy and fashionably respectable class of patrons of such brutal amusement to whom a large fine is nothing, but a single day's imprisonment a great deal. Both Chief of District Police Wade and the prosecuting officer of the Society testified to the prevalence of the sport and the necessity of a severe punishment in case of conviction. President Angell requested that the fine be left out altogether and the sole penalty be made imprisonment.—*Boston Globe*, Jan. 21.

GOOD FOR GOLDEN DAYS.

Some correspondent asks "Golden Days," Philadelphia, to send information how to trap birds with bird-lime, and this is what the editor answers in his beautiful Christmas number:

J. S.—It would be hard to conceive a more barbarous, cruel and unsportsmanlike method of trapping birds than the use of bird-lime, and for these reasons we invariably refuse to furnish a recipe for compounding that substance. Many defenseless birds are snared in this manner, but instead of being recovered by the trapper, are allowed to slowly die of hunger and thirst. Boys or men with the least spark of kindness toward dumb animals in their composition would not stoop to commit such a heathenish act.

Why does a cow lie down?—Because she cannot sit down.

LOTS OF EDITORS

From all over the country are writing to us for the publications we offered in our February No. to send without cost, and it makes us glad to send them. Our missionary fund is growing and every Editor in America who wants our publications shall have them. We have in this morning's mail letters from Editors in North Carolina, Kentucky, West Virginia, Louisiana, Missouri, Wyoming Territory, Ohio, Illinois and Kansas. The Wyoming Territory Editor proposes to organize a Society at once at Laramie and wants full instructions. The Kansas Editor wants to organize at Topeka. All the others "will publish and circulate." If anybody wants to know what our missionary fund is doing, come in and read our letters. We have about thirty letters in this morning's mail, calling for humane literature to distribute in various States and Territories. Among them we are glad to find one from a prominent gentleman of Ottawa, the capital of British America, wishing full instructions for organizing a Society in that city, and we read with pain another that tells the terrible need of Humane Societies in New Mexico.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

In our February "O. D. A." we sent our own photograph and asked our upwards of a thousand kind correspondents to send us theirs in return, to be preserved in a book in these offices. To those who have already done so we return our kindest thanks. To others who have forgotten, we would say that we have plenty of room for all. We hope this book full of the kind faces of our humane friends in different parts of this country may become one of the most attractive things to our visitors.

A KIND LETTER THAT HELPS US.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

BOSTON, Feb. 9, 1888.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I send you one hundred dollars which I wish you to use as you please in your missionary work.

MRS. GEORGE DICKINSON.

ANOTHER LETTER THAT HELPS US.

QUINCY, ILL., Feb. 9, 1888.

Mr. Angell,

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed you will find a check for one hundred dollars. Please use it in your missionary work. I feel grateful for your work, and an earnest wish for the preservation of your health.

Very truly,

A. E. B.

If any one wants to know how we shall use this and would use twenty times the sum if we had it, read articles in other columns headed *Lots of Editors, and Sundries*.

CHICAGO.

A prominent Chicago gentleman writes us as follows:

FEBRUARY 6, 1888.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

"The charming copies of O. D. A. for February came to-day, and I will not let a night's shadow fall without sending you a V (\$5) as my trifling contribution to your good and great work.

The Jenny Lind picture alone is worth many years' subscriptions."

WHEN you go home fill the house with joy, so that the light of it will stream out of the windows and doors, and illuminate even the darkness.

FIRST FIVE LETTERS OF THIS MORNING'S MAIL.

We often wish our friends could read our letters. Take the first five we open from the pile lying on our desk this morning:

No. 1.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., Feb. 2, 1888.

MR. G. T. ANGELL:

MY DEAR SIR:—Enclosed my check for your *Mission Work* [twenty-five dollars].

With great respect, yours,

S. B. CONE.

No. 2

Is a letter from the Principal of the Charter Oak School, Hartford, Conn.

"The topic for each Friday Morning is 'kindness to animals.' The children write incidents, etc. I send you one written by Arthur A. Jackson, twelve years old."

Last summer some boys who had signed the pledge to prevent cruelty to dumb animals saw a half-starved cat coming up the street. Two of the boys started for their homes. One brought a pail, the others some bread. Then the boys bought some milk, into which they broke the bread. They gave it to the cat, who ate about half of it, although she was so weak she could hardly do it.

These were Charter Oak School boys.

No. 3

Is a letter from a Boston merchant, thanking us "for the honor conferred upon me." The honor being a Certificate of Life Membership, for which he paid one hundred dollars.

No. 4.

A touching story of the fidelity of a dog:

George Heeg, milkman at East Williamsburg, Long Island, on the intensely cold night of January 24th, fell while crossing a field and would have died but for the dog which ran to Mr. Heeg's house and brought help.

No. 5

Is from the wife of one of Boston's most prominent citizens who resides at Roslindale. It reads as follows:

When our turn came to provide an evening's entertainment for our Local Improvement Society, we planned to have the cause of our dumb animals presented by you. Our note of invitation brought your pleasant and courteous reply, stating regretfully your inability to accept. By the same mail came to us copies of "Our Dumb Animals" and of various other publications of your Society. These soon attracted the attention of our two little boys, and they listened very thoughtfully to some of the little stories which papa and mamma, who were also interested, read to them. Especially were they pleased with the picture of "The Old Horse Ringing the Bell," and called again and again for the accompanying story in both poetry and prose.

Another form of entertainment than the one first proposed for the Improvement Society was devised, including an exhibition through the stereopticon of some views of foreign cities. A happy thought struck our boys' papa. He took the picture of "The Knight of Atri's Steed" to Mr. Black, the photographer, and had it copied on a glass slide for the stereopticon. When the evening came, a lady read Longfellow's poem, "The Alarm-bell of Atri," and just at the right time and place, behold—out sprang the life-like picture upon the screen and produced quite a striking effect.

We thought this little incident worth relating for its possible suggestiveness.

ELLEN BRADFORD STERBINS.

And so if we had space we might go on with this morning's and other morning's mails bringing similar letters, sometimes in large numbers. Can our friends wonder that we enjoy the work?

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

IN a recent case of gross neglect of a horse in one of our inland cities, your Agent Anderson found the animal kept in a barn which was rented from the Justice of the Local Court who, when informed of it said to Mr. Anderson: "Get a warrant for him and lock him up. I'll turn him out of the barn at once." It may be superfluous to add that a warrant was immediately procured and the offender punished.

"GO AND GET YOUR WHEELS"

Was what we heard a policeman say the other day to a herdic driver on Washington Street, who was making his horse pull runners over ground almost bare. And we thought, wouldn't that horse thank the policeman if he could? and wouldn't he thank the Society which sends that policeman, and all the other Boston policemen and their wives and children, this paper every month?

IRISH WIT.

"Patsey, I've been insulted. Mickey Doolan called me a liar." "An' phwat are yez going to do about it?" "I don't know. Phwat would you do av ye wor me?" "Well, Dinny, I tink I'd tell the trooth ofener."



WINTER ON LAKE CONSTANCE.

FUNNY.

In addition to putting up placards in various public places, "Please blanket your horses while stopping," we have employed a man extreme cold days of the past winter to go through our principal streets carrying elevated upon a pole or standard, a thin placard board, on each side of which is tacked the placard printed in large red letters: "Please blanket your horses while stopping." Wherever he found horses standing without blankets he stopped and planted his standard. The following we cut from the "Boston Herald" of Jan. 27th:

A SILENT LESSON.

"An incident which took place on Winter street yesterday afternoon was much enjoyed by several persons who happened to be passing. A private carriage stood in front of one of the large stores, the horses with heads checked up and tails docked standing in the cold wind without blanket or covering of any kind. On the box sat the liveried driver, stiff as a grenadier, looking neither to the right nor left. Along came a man bearing the banner of the M. S. P. C. to Animals, inscribed: "Please blanket your horses while stopping." Noticing the unblanketed horses, the man halted near them, brought his banner-pole to the sidewalk, and without speaking a word stood like a soldier at parade rest. Directly, "milady" came out of the store, looked first at the man, then at his banner, and stopping sufficiently long to read it, darted inside her carriage and was driven away. A broad smile illuminated the features of the bystanders, as the representative of the Society shouldered his banner and trudged along on his way."

THE AGE OF FISHES.

Crows are commonly said to live for a hundred years, and turtles are reported to have even longer life; but if Professor Baird be right, the greatest animal longevity is possessed by fishes. Professor Baird says that as a fish has no maturity, there is nothing to prevent it from living indefinitely and growing continually. He cites in proof a pike living in Russia, whose age dates back to the fifteenth century. In the royal aquarium at St. Petersburg there are fish that have been there a hundred and forty years.

—The Swiss Cross.

WINTER ON LAKE CONSTANCE.

The Lake of Constance, which lies between Switzerland and Germany, is seldom frozen. The last time it was frozen was in December, 1879.

People came from far and near to see it and to skate on it. The lake was black with skaters who were gliding over its surface.

Men, women and children alike shared the fun.

On Candlemas Day (the second day of February) there was a grand festival on the ice. The peasants came from far and near. There were thousands of them there. In the evening there was a grand illumination, and after that there were fireworks, and then a dance on the ice.

In summer the water of Lake Constance is of a dark green color. The River Rhine enters it at the western end, and flows out at the eastern end. The lake is about forty-four miles long and nine miles wide.

The view of the frozen lake from the mountains is said to have been very fine. As you looked down on its smooth glittering surface, the skaters moving over it appeared like mere specks, while the houses in the village were like doll-houses.

SOLDIERS ON SKATES.

Perhaps the most curious battalion in any army is the Norwegian corps of skaters. These corps are composed of picked armed men with rifles, which they use with great precision. The skates used are admirably adapted for travelling over rough and broken ice and frozen snow, being six inches broad and between nine and ten inches long. The soldiers can be maneuvered upon the ice or over the snowfields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry. As an instance of the speed they attain, it is stated that a messenger attached to the corps has accomplished 120 miles in eighteen hours and a half, over a mountainous country.—Golden Argosy.

Look out for beauty in everything and take a cheerful view of every event.

WHAT DO THE BANDS OF MERCY AMOUNT TO?

Everybody familiar with children knows that it is not very difficult to go into a school-room, make a pleasant little talk, and get nearly all to hold up their hands to a promise to *try to be good—try to keep their noses clean*; or try to do most anything else that involves no special effort.

What does this amount to when *applied to forming Bands of Mercy*? We answer: very little, if it stops there, beyond the impression the speaker may have made at the moment. But in our plan, we consider the holding up of hands or giving signatures to join, *simply the opening of a door*; and because we regard it as *simply opening a door*, we make that door (*viz.*: the pledge) so broad that no man, woman or child can object to enter. But, so soon as we receive the name of the Band and the name and post-office address of its president, there goes out to it from these offices this beautiful paper, "*Our Dumb Animals*," for one year; *eight Humane Leaflets*, containing one hundred most carefully selected stories, poems, etc.; *Twelve Lessons on Kindness*, full of information and interesting illustrative anecdotes; a *copy of our "Band of Mercy" songs*; a *Badge for the President*. Without the cost of a single penny each Band is thus provided with the very best material for the humane education of its members, and through them of their fathers and mothers and the communities in which they reside. Very soon acts of cruelty and kindness begin to be noticed as never before; and talked about, not only at the meetings of the Band but in the homes of its members. The humane sentiment of the community is gradually uplifted—then comes a demand for the enactment and enforcement of laws—then comes the Humane Society to crown the whole. A "*Society*" not *simply in name*, but built on a firm foundation of public approval that will *support it* and give it power.

Bands that are only formed and then neglected, of course die. Bands that are fed and nourished, as we are feeding and nourishing ours, are carrying humane education into every State and Territory of this nation, except Alaska, which we have not yet reached.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Twentieth Annual Report of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., signed by R. W. Ryerss, President, and M. V. B. Davis, Secretary, shows 10,332 complaints of cruelty investigated, 234 prosecutions, 232 convictions, and lots of other good work during the year. The Society has about 150 agents through the State. The treasurer's account shows receipts about \$18,000—expenses about \$8,500, and investments about \$8,000.

NEW YORK.

The Twenty-second Annual Report of the American (Mr. Bergh's) S. P. C. A., shows annual receipts, \$29,789.61; expenses, \$23,154.49. The receipts include an item of \$15,543.59, which we presume to be interest on its invested funds.

The Society has investigated during the year 3,773 complaints and prosecuted 797. The Society also owns the building in which its offices are located, and we hope our Massachusetts Society may be able to say the same some time.

MEN need to be three times converted, says Mr. Beecher. Once for themselves, once for their fellow men, and once for the animal kingdom.

THE VIVISECTOR—A PICTURE.

Among all the beautiful pictures with which kind friends have ornamented the walls of our offices, none attracts more attention or is more earnestly studied, than one that represents the *vivisector*—not as a fiend with the angel of retribution holding over him the drawn sword of divine vengeance—but as an aged enthusiast, who in his zeal for science has forgotten the sacredness of innocent life. With scalpel in hand he sits at his dissecting table, while the "*Cenius of Pity*" holds with one hand to her bosom the bound and bleeding dog she has taken from him, and with the other a pair of scales, in one of which lies a *human brain covered with laurels*, while in the other, *far outweighing it, lies a glowing human heart*. We wish this picture could find a place not only in the rooms of every humane society, but also in the dissecting room of every vivisector.

BUFFALO BILL PRESIDENT OF A HUMANE SOCIETY.

We are glad to publish the following from our friend Geo. L. Douglas, Esq., formerly of Washington, D. C., now of Wichita, Kansas:

WICHITA, KAN., Jan. 30, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:—

I enclose you an article relative to the "*Kansas Humane Society*," which will explain itself.

In this connection I want to call your attention to a matter of curious interest. The President of our Society, Mr. Wm. Mathewson, now at the head of a banking house in this city, and one of our leading and wealthiest citizens, was the original "*Buffalo Bill*," famous as a hunter and Indian fighter throughout this part of the great West years before W. F. Cody (the man who has the show) ever appropriated that name. But this man of pluck and iron nerve, who in the early days—long before the whistle of the locomotive ever startled the herds of buffalo that roamed over these western prairies—was not less respected than feared by the Indians, is now at the head of this great humanizing and civilizing agency.

It is a living illustration of the fact that kindness of heart and tenderness of sympathy can go hand in hand with physical bravery and manly courage of the highest type.

Yours very truly,

GEO. L. DOUGLASS.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A CAT THAT DID NOT NEED A COMPASS.

The following incident, which occurred "in my own family," you may deem worthy of publication in "*Our Dumb Animals*." I have a cat three years old, that I gave a few weeks ago to a friend in Somerville, Mass. My friend took the cat in the dusk of evening, put her in a box, which he covered with a horse-blanket and carriage-robe, placed her in his buggy, and drove to Somerville. The cat was put in his cellar, from which, the next day, she escaped. The following day she was seen in his barn, and the next morning she entered her old home in Greenwood, which is nine miles from my friend's house in Somerville. In coming home the cat had to pass through Medford, Malden and Melrose. She will remain at home. P. H. S.

SUNDRIES.

We are sorry to decline invitation to address the citizens and schools of Bangor, Me.,—glad to learn from Mr. Kelso of the good work being done in Toronto, Canada,—glad to hear of the good work doing by Mr. C. S. Hubbard of the A. H. Association in Indiana, and to send him from our *missionary fund* supplies of humane literature,—glad to send instructions for forming Societies, also humane literature to J. R. Bulla, Lexington, North Carolina, Mrs. N. H. Moore, Helena, Arkansas, and Miss March, State Superintendent for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of instruction in the schools of Texas,—glad to continue receiving so many kind notices from the press and to find our articles republished in so many papers. Our February article on a *future life for animals* we find in many papers. Rev. Mr. Timmins seems to be hard at work in England forming Bands of Mercy, with one Duke, three Earls, one Cardinal, one Chief Justice, one Bishop, and several other distinguished magnates to help him. We are glad to learn from Mrs. Schaffter, of New Orleans, that she is recovering her health. We cannot spare Mrs. Schaffter and the Picayune. Mr. Anderson, our paid agent in Western Massachusetts, is doing a world of good. We are glad to send Mrs. President C. E. White of Philadelphia, at her request, 1,000 humane leaflets for gratuitous distribution. We are glad to receive a letter from an English gentleman, visiting Boston, in which he speaks of his great gratification in seeing how much more kindly horses are treated here than in London. Glad to hear good news from Mrs. Vieth, of the Ottawa Ladies' Society.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Our friend M. M. Ballou, just returned from a trip to the Sandwich and Samoan Islands, Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, places upon our table another of his interesting books of foreign travel, entitled, "*Under the Southern Cross*." It tells us a vast deal about the places above-named which we did not know before. We give the following brief extracts:

SAN FRANCISCO.

"In no part of the world are there so many white seagulls to be seen as frequent this spacious and charming bay."

"This identical gull, with a short piece of red tape tied to one of its legs, followed the ship across the Pacific into the harbor of Yokohama—a distance of four thousand miles."

AUSTRALIA.

"Here the eagles are white, the swans black; the kangaroo, unknown elsewhere, though he has four legs runs on two; the stone of the cherry grows on the outside; the leaves of trees hang vertically; they have bituminous coal as white as chalk; Christmas comes in mid-summer; and the boomerang, the common native weapon, no white man can exactly learn the trick of throwing."

"Melbourne has a population of about 420,000. The big trees are the tallest in the known world, often measuring 400 feet in height and from 50 to 60 in girth a couple of yards from the ground. There are thousands of square miles in Australia upon which the foot of a white man has never trod."

THE ALBATROSS.

"It has been said if it pleased it might breakfast at the Cape of Good Hope and dine in New York, so swift is it in flight and so powerful on the wing. The body of the specimen we measured, though not of the largest size, was three feet in length and the spread of wings ten feet eight inches. It scarcely ever plies its wings, but literally sails upon the wind."

We have read this book with pleasure and profit.

KALAMAZOO BURGLARS.

A citizen of Kalamazoo, Michigan, has a valuable parrot. On three different occasions he has saved the house from being burglarized. The last time was on a recent night. The burglar got the door unfastened, but when he opened it the parrot asked, in a stern voice: "Hello there! What's the matter?" The burglar didn't stop to answer.—*Exchange*.

SOMEBODY says that politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

TAKE hold of the knob and shut every door without slamming it.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A GOOD DRIVER IN A BAD PLACE.

I was glad to see in "Our Dumb Animals" an article concerning a humane cabman. The occupant of the cab was so surprised and gratified at the quiet and gentle way in which the driver guided his horse through a crowded thoroughfare that she added to the fare and complimented the good fellow for abstaining from abuse.

We had ordered some coal from J. T., dealer. I sat by the window when the first load arrived; and as the team came up the soft, muddy avenue toward the house, I feared to see whipping and to hear swearing, and was on the point of retreating to the back part of the house to avoid the expected shock, when the driver began coaxing and patting the horses in the kindest manner. The poor beasts in return strained every muscle in their efforts to bring the load up the ascent. The driver encouraged and coaxed, and all three seemed to work with mutual endeavor and good will. But all to no purpose. The wheels sank into the soft mud, and it was evident the thing could not be done; so he dumped the coal right down in front of the house.

I could not help going out and telling him how much it gratified me to see a man who had feeling for his horses. "Well," said he, "I don't see any use in beating animals when they are doing the best they can for us."

The same man came again and was equally kind and considerate, though he succeeded in getting his load to its destination. I have seen him bring coal to a neighbor since the last snow came, and he took his shovel along to ease the bad places.

May this good driver, in his turn, be kindly dealt with; and in his journey through life, find some friendly hand to ease him in the bad places.

S. B. S.

STARTING A BALKY HORSE.

I was attracted yesterday by a considerable gathering of people in a down-town street, occasioned by a balky horse which even the policeman himself could not persuade to "move on." All kinds of plans were tried. First, about a dozen men shoved the wagon behind, but even then, by firmly planting his fore feet, the determined beast managed to resist progression, although I thought the breeching would burst. An old piece of cloth was then carefully tied over his eyes, and, after a short pause, he was gently requested to proceed; but he stood still and the crowd jeered. Next, a rather consequential person came forward and standing on tiptoe, so that he could reach the horse's ear, whispered into it something which he evidently thought would have an instantaneous and miraculous effect; but the animal was deaf to this siren, and the consequential person slunk off, pursued by the sarcasms of a bootblack. The driver was now in a rage which vented itself in blows and imprecations.

But just as he was passing from this condition into one of stony despair, a quiet young fellow waved him aside, unharnessed the horse, took him out of the shafts and after leading him across the street and back, reharnessed him and handed the reins to the driver, who now drove off without the least trouble. The expedient was simple but effective, and it suggests what is, I believe, the true philosophy of the balky horse. The effort should be not to overcome his fixed idea of standing still, but to supplant that notion by diverting his attention to something else.—*Hampshire Gazette.*

"Why haven't I a 600-acre farm as well as that man riding by in his carriage?" yelled a red-nosed anarchist orator as he glanced at the crowd. "Because he saved \$600 and bought his farm when it cost him \$1 an acre, and you poured your \$600 down your throat," responded a man on the back seat, and the orator asked no more conundrums.—*Chicago Tribune.*



LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

HOW TO SAVE LIFE IN BLIZZARDS.

The following appeared in various Boston daily papers of Jan. 31:

TO SAVE LIFE IN BLIZZARDS.

To the Editor of the Advertiser:

Permit me to publish in your columns what I shall publish in March "Our Dumb Animals" — February having gone to press — the simple suggestion that if each of our Western friends will carry a pocket compass, such as can be bought for 25 cents or less, they will never be in doubt when a blizzard comes which way to go. I have carried one for more than 20 years in cities of the old world and new, in the swamps of Florida and on the plains of Dakota, and never been lost. Another suggestion: Let government expend some of the surplus in establishing weather stations through the West to give warning of these storms. If the Boston dailies to whom this is sent will kindly publish these suggestions, and thus attract the immediate attention of editors through the West, some lives may be saved this winter and many next.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Boston, January 30.

—*Boston Daily Advertiser, Jan. 31, 1888.*

RULES OF COURTSHIP.

Don't disagree with the girl's father in politics, or her mother in religion.

If you have a rival, keep an eye on him; if he is a widower, keep two eyes on him.

Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you may hear it read in after years.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening.

If on the occasion of your first call she looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early, and stay away some time.

In cold weather finish saying good night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you.

A CALIFORNIAN, largely interested in the fur seal industry, says that sealskins are expensive, not because they are scarce, but because the trade limits the supply. If all the skins that could be taken were poured on the market, the fur would become so common that it would cease to be desired by the wealthy. So the seal catchers agree upon the total number that they will put upon the market, and they make their report to the furriers of London and Paris, who meet each spring and decide upon prices.

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the north-western part of Illinois, when a violent snowstorm came on. They started for their camp.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as to nearly blind them. When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there in the cold and the snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning. While they were all shivering with fear and with cold, the chief surveyor caught sight of one of their horses, a gray pony, known as "Old Jack," and said: "If any one can show us our way to camp in this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose, and we will follow him. I think he will show us the way to our camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head in the air, as if proud of the trust. Then he snuffed the breeze and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say, "Come on, boys. Follow me: I'll lead you out of this scrape."

He then turned in a new direction and walked off, and the men followed him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp-fires. They all gave a loud hurrah at the sight.

They felt grateful to God for their safety, and threw their arms around Old Jack's neck to thank him for what he had done. I know this is a true story, for my father was the chief of the party on the occasion.

And we know the parties, and that it is true.

EDITOR.

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

There is a legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclination. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived in which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left to perform his humble duty. When he returned he again saw the blessed vision, and heard these words: "Hadst thou staid, I should have left thee."

The *Watertown Times* says that the spectacle of a horse grazing in a front yard, while a goose kept him from straying by holding the halter, did not attract so much attention as it would if the goose had not been a "tailor's goose," weighing about twenty pounds.

THE CATS OF SAN LORENZO.

"I wish you would tell me the story again That you told me one day," said little Lorraine. "Don't you remember? About a city, And a beautiful church in a beautiful street, And a place where any forsaken kitty Can have a home and something to eat—I wish you would tell me that story again, I liked it so much," coaxed little Lorraine.

Yes, I remember the story I told:
The city is Florence, far over the sea—
Let us forget the snow and the cold
And fancy ourselves in Italy,
Where the sun is warm though the month be
March,
And near the Laurentian library,
Under the shelter of some great arch,
We may buy bouquets of anemone,
The scarlet blossoms from hill and plain—
"I wish we were there," said little Lorraine.

Then we would enter, all by ourselves,
The door of the library. Row upon row
Are thousands of learned books on the shelves,
And manuscripts written so long ago;
And while I am perusing Petrarca's rhyme,
With its stately music and quaint *conceitti*,
My little friend has a tiresome time
And thinks she would like to see something
pretty.

Then we go close to the window-panes
Turning our backs on the rows of books—
Through the colored glass with its brilliant
stains

Curious enough the old cloister looks;
For the architecture severe and rich
Of its long arcade of stone is seen
In varied colors, as if a witch
Had painted it purple and red and green,
Perhaps we might see some people come
With a carriage and pair—leaving town, no
doubt—

And the footman opens a bag wherefrom
A great gray pussy comes leaping out.
"When the people go and the cats remain,
The cats should be cared for," said little Lorraine.

And next comes a pretty Florentine child,
With tangled curls and her eyes cast down,
And her apron wrapped round a kitten, too wild
To keep in the house, and too dear to drown;
A tiger-striped kitten—she sets it free,
And off it scampers, as if afraid
Of losing its newly-found liberty,
And hides in the walls of the old arcade.
As if it would never be seen again—
"I do love kittens," said little Lorraine.

A mother-cat with her babies three
Would bask at ease in the clear March sun
And cuddle her kittens so cosily—
And then we should see them begin to run
At the very first sound of the stroke of noon
From the clock on the tower; and if before
We saw a few pussy-cats, very soon
For every one we might count three-score.
For men come bringing great bags of bread
In broken morsels, with bits of meat;
And the food with which all these cats are fed
Is gathered at house-doors from street to street.
Pst, pst, pst! When the call they hear
From corner and crevice green eyes are peeping,
And cats and kittens from far and near
Come running and trotting and springing and
leaping,
With tails in the air and ruffled fur,

Cross cats and pleasant cats, great ones and
small,

With mew and hiss and squeal and purr—
There is food enough and a welcome for all.
From window and parapet, roof-tree and tile
The cats come quickly as they are able,
A procession of cats that would reach a mile,
Obeying the summons to come to table.
So many cats, we should try in vain
To count them. "A million?" said little Lorraine.

Black cats and gray cats and black-and-white,
Yellow and tortoise shell, Tabby and Tom—
Every stray cat has a citizen's right
To live in peace in this ancient home,
To fight and to frisk and to mew and to purr,
Every cat in the cloister may live at ease,
And nobody punish him or her
For doing whatever they plan or please.
When the meal is ended, the cats will go
Each again to his favorite place;
Some live high up and some live down low,
And some would lead us a sorry chase
If we tried to follow them; we should fall,
For we could never clamber or run
As the pussy-cats do, on the parapet wall,
On roofs and arches and think it fun.
So better for us to stay below
And visit, to-morrow, some gallery
With marble statues in stately row
And marvellous paintings for us to see.

"I would rather look at the cats again
When they dine to-morrow," said little Lorraine.

—E. Cavazza.

HOW A DOG FOLLOWS.

Some very interesting experiments were recently made in England to determine how it is that the dog is enabled to follow the trail of his master. A gentleman used for a series of tests a pointer with which he had hunted for several years.

Every precaution was taken to prevent the dog being guided by anything but the sense of smell. The hunter, with his hunting-boots on, first walked about a mile over the grass, turning in various directions, and then hid himself. The dog, not having seen him, of course, was brought to the starting-place, where he at once took the trail, and followed it rapidly and accurately until he found his master.

The hunter then headed a procession of twelve persons walking in Indian file, each man being careful to place his feet in the footprints of the man preceding him. After walking two hundred yards the hunter turned to the right, followed by one half of the men, and the other half turned to the left. Each party made a number of turns and detours, and then concealed themselves. The dog, when put on the trail, followed it promptly, and at the point of separation, without a moment's hesitation, turned to the right, as his master had done.

A stranger to the dog then put on the master's hunting-boots, and the dog followed his tracks as quickly as he had followed his master's. When the master wore the boots of the stranger the dog would not follow, nor would he follow the trail of the stranger when he walked with naked feet, but he did follow his master under the same conditions, though slowly and with much hesitation.

The hunter tried wearing new boots, and the dog refused to follow. He then resumed his

hunting-boots, after pasting paper under the soles and along the sides; but the dog paid no attention to the trail until a point was reached where a very small piece of the paper had fallen from the boot; from that on the trail was followed rapidly.

In the last experiment the hunter, with his hunting-boots on, free of paper, walked fifty yards, and then drew off his boots and walked three hundred yards barefoot, but holding his boots in his hand, which hung down. Then raising his arm and still holding the boots he walked three hundred yards more. The dog when placed on the trail followed the whole distance without hesitation.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

THE TERROR.

I had an ugly, unruly boy in my room, and he gave more trouble than all the rest of the class. All through the different grades of the large grammar school he had been a terror to his teachers, and he was hurried on to the next teacher with surprising alacrity. When I inherited him I felt as if Nemesis had overtaken me, and just how to control him was a problem I long wrestled with. For several weeks he was the terror of the room, and my reputation for good order was, I felt, fast disappearing. The boy would not obey unless he felt like it, and punishments had no effect on him.

It is unnecessary to narrate his pranks. Every plan I evolved for his regeneration proved abortive; he wouldn't reform. Finally, by accident, I stumbled on the cure. I discovered that he was interested in drawing, or rather was interested in sketching odd bits of scenery, or objects in the room, *not even omitting his respected teacher, who was a typical schoolmarm and wore glasses.* I resolved to make the most of this one talent,—if talent it was,—and so one day, when I was in my best and sweetest mood, I asked the Terror if he would draw a plan for some shelves I wanted in my closet. He assented, and the sketch was neatly and accurately made. There was a new look in his eyes, and a new expression on his face when he gave me the paper.

Then I advanced slowly and cautiously. I needed some maps made, and again I employed the Terror, and again the result was encouraging. The maps were models of neatness and precision. I judiciously praised him, and exhibited the maps to the class and called for copies. None ever equalled his.

We were studying the continent of Asia, and the Terror never had his geography lesson learned; but when I suggested that if he were to keep up his reputation in drawing he must draw the details of the country he was sketching, geography became a new study to him, and he easily made excellent progress in this branch. To do this he had to forego some of his "fooling business," and it was given up simply because he had something more to his liking to do.

In fine, and to the point, the Terror came out of his chrysalis state a new creature. His old ways were left, and he readily adopted the better method of doing and living. From a slouching, unkempt, uncouth, shambling, horrid boy, he emerged into being a respectable, neat, tidy, order-loving, painstaking, and industrious young man. I had found that there was something he could do and something he liked to do, and that was all there was to it.—*Winthrop, American Teacher.*

A NEW HUMANE LEAFLET.

Our readers are familiar with the eight Humane Leaflets we published a year ago, of which, by unanimous vote of the Boston School Committee about sixty thousand copies have been distributed in the Boston Public Schools, and several hundreds of thousands to teachers, schools and others, in all parts of the country. At the request of the *Pundita Ramabai*, who is proposing to carry our humane work into India, we have prepared and now issue a *ninth* in the same four page size and style, and which we have named the *Pundita Ramabai Humane Leaflet*.

We give here the picture on the *first page*, and elsewhere the picture on the *fourth page*. We give with this first picture the contents of the Leaflet, leaving out two excellent stories, which occupy the larger part of the two last pages, and which are intended to *make boys more humane to the birds*.



THE FIRST ROBIN OF SPRING.

From the First Page of the *Pundita Ramabai Humane Leaflet*.

The *Pundita Ramabai*, whose name is becoming well known to our American people, has recently written me for a leaflet to distribute for the protection of our beautiful birds. While we have enough literature on the subject to fill a volume, there is not in print, to my knowledge, just such a leaflet as she desires; so I prepare this, and think I cannot do better than let it bear her name and begin it with a few sentences from her letter.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

FEBRUARY 6, 1888.

"As I travel about this country I see thousands of young ladies and old women, as well as little children, wearing whole and half bodies of birds on their bonnets. It shocks and grieves me. There is cruelty enough in my own country, but our gentlewomen do not at present think of beautifying themselves with dead birds. Please send me some leaflets on this subject, and I will distribute them on trains and street-cars, as well as give them to my friends.

God bless you and your humane work.

Yours in the best bonds of God's love.

RAMABAI."

I take the following from a letter addressed to me by the Right Rev. Bishop of Massachusetts, Benj. H. Paddock:—

"I have hopes that such instruction may arrest the dreadful havoc now made among our innocent and often most useful birds—especially those that possess 'the fatal gift of beauty'—by the gigantic annual sacrifice to the Moloch of Fashion.

Our gentlewomen, whose hearts would ache at the sight of a cruel act towards a bird or beast, cannot be aware what unmeasured destruction of beautiful life and innocent joy is going on at their command, or at least with their connivance.

"Some varieties of our birds are well-nigh exterminated already.

"I long to see a stand made against birds killed only for ornament of female apparel. We have many queens and much noble blood in this city of Benevolences; and I long to see the protest of Queen Victoria taken up, and our Massachusetts noble women leaguering themselves together to discourage and arrest this hard-hearted fashion. I entreat you, Mr. President, arouse the ladies to take the side of the benevolent preserver, instead of that of the money-loving destroyers. Every tender-hearted woman will thank you; every woman will, who only pauses long enough to compare the claims of her purest, divinest instincts with those of heartless fashion.

I am, dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

BENJ. H. PADDOCK."

I take the following from a Florida letter:

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

"In St. Augustine and its neighborhood for miles around there is every winter and spring a raid made on red-birds, nonpareils, and other small birds. Men are busy at the work of extermination. I am informed that there are two men at present staying in this city who spend most of their time shooting red-birds. They sell the skins to milliners."

HENRY WARD BEECHER WROTE THIS SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH.

"The slaughter of the birds that is going on is such as ought to arrest the attention of every Christian woman who decorates herself with the skins, and it ought to be with her a question, 'Am I of the spirit of Christ and the spirit of humanity in indulging my sense of the beautiful by a method that almost insures their destruction?'

I have a right to ask every reflecting Christian woman whether her happiness, her sense of the beautiful in taste, demands that she should encourage this traffic. For they are brought by the hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands into the market, from Canada to Florida, and from the Eastern coast to the Mississippi and beyond."

WHERE DID THE CUSTOM ORIGINATE?

THE HARM DONE BY ONE INFAMOUS WOMAN.

Some seven years ago there appeared in Paris, at a ball of the *demi-monde*, a woman wearing on her head-dress a dead bird. The bird had artificial eyes, and its wings and tail were spread out so as to give it a life-like appearance. It was a small stuffed bird, not a bird's skin stretched on wires. Its introduction as an ornament in fashionable bad society was not received with much favor at first, although the wearer succeeded in attracting attention to herself by the singularity of her adornment. This was all that she desired or intended to accomplish by fastening a bird's corpse to her headgear.

THE USE OF ARSENIC.

ARSENICAL POISONING.

To the Editor of the *Herald*: There have been tons of arsenic used within the past few years in the preservation of millions of the bodies and feathers of dead birds. These are worn daily on the heads of ladies and children. The proportion of arsenic used in this article of traffic, including the coloring matter, is much greater in proportion than has ever been used in paper-hangings or carpets, and coming into closer contact with the person. It can sometimes be detected by the fine powder that escapes from these goods. In such instances it will settle on

the person, enter the eyes and nostrils, causing irritation and other general ill-feeling.

Would it not be well for those persons who believe they suffer from the arsenic said to exist in wall paper, to examine the fact of arsenic and other poisons existing in the preparations of these birds and in the coloring of those worn on their hats and bonnets.

H. S. S., in *Boston Herald*.

WHAT Col. Dennett, Editor of the *New Orleans Picayune*, says:—

"They come and sing no more! Their wings, heads and whole bodies in countless thousands have been sold for ornaments to gratify female pride and vanity. We never see a lady's bonnet bordered with the carcasses or wings of the slaughtered songsters of the forest that it does not remind us of the coffin and the sepulchre."

WHAT THE POETS SAY.

WHO IS THE SEA-BIRD'S FOE?

When hidden in the hollow of his boat
The practised marksman with his gun lies
rocking,
And wheeling round with curious eye—you note
The hapless sea-birds to destruction flock-
ing:—

When on hard rock, or crimsoned wave they
fall,
And at the slayer's feet in heaps are lying,
And now for food their unfledged nestlings call
In vain—on you bare cliff by thousands dy-
ing:—

By whom is nerved the sanguinary hand
Which spreads a cloud of woe o'er cliff and
water,
And drives these living sunbeams from our
strand?
By thee, fair sister, wife or gentle daughter!

* * * * *
You are the sea-bird's foe! You give the word
Their snowy plumes to plunder, not to
cherish;
That you may buy—the murderous guns are
heard;
That you may dress—the lovely sea-birds
perish!

—RICHARD WILTON, M. A.,
in *Animal World*.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

The bonny, bonny little birds!
It is their hour of need.
They have no power to beg for life,
It is for them I plead.

The human cry to God is still
For "mercy, mercy," solely;
The birds sing only "God be praised,"
And "holy, holy, holy."

* * * * *
*Could ye but see the bright wings torn
From birds alive and bleeding,
And note their quivering agony,
I had no need for pleading.*

The wingless form flung in the dust,
Its deathly pain and terror,
Would wake in every woman's heart
A bitter sense of error.

Ten thousand thousand little birds,
In cruel hands a-dying,
Have heard, with breaking mother hearts,
Their hungry nestlings crying.

The nestlings starve, and God's command
Has been defied and broken,
For he who made the universe
In their behalf hath spoken.

The bonny, bonny little birds!
*It is their hour of need.
They have no power to beg for life,
It is for them I plead.*

ELIZABETH FREELAND.

WHAT MICHELET SAYS.

Michelet says that if all the birds should die not a human being could live on the earth, for the insects upon which the birds live would increase so enormously as to destroy all vegetation.

Birds are rapidly decreasing in this country and insects increasing, but it is gratifying to know that so many thousands of the best people in America have joined the Audubon Societies and are using their influence to discourage and prevent the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

From the sunny South, as the days grow long,
We come to cheer you with beauty and song,
In melodious measures, sweet and free,
O'er this glorious land from sea to sea.
We come in peace with no angry words,
And pray you to spare all the bonny birds.
We ask no help, we have pleasure to give,
All that we want is the right to live.
Ye beautiful ladies, so kind and true,
We present the "Bird's Petition" to you.
Let no bonny birds on your hats be worn,
No more sweet singers be mangled and torn,
There's a stain of blood on every bonnet,
Which has a dead bird stitched upon it.

WM. LAMBIE.

HOW DID HE FIND THE WAY?

Not long since, Mrs. B—, residing in one of the interior counties of Missouri, left her home on a visit to some relatives living in Henry county, Kentucky, bringing with her a favorite dog. On arriving in Louisville she missed her pet, and search and inquiry failing to elicit aught concerning him, she was compelled to continue her journey without him. Fourteen days after the lady had left her home, the family was surprised at the appearance of "Fido." Not less than nine hundred miles had been traversed by his dogship, and when it is remembered that he had been brought here by rail, and could have had no trail to lead him back to his old quarters—that the broad Ohio, and the still broader Mississippi, not to mention hundreds of streams of smaller proportions, lay between him and his puppyhood's home, the journey was a remarkable one.—*Louisville Journal.*

**You will never have
a friend if you must
have one without fail-
ings.**

THE REV. FATHER MURPHY AND HIS HENRY WILSON REGIMENT.

The following letter, received just before going to press from the Rev. Father Murphy, Roman Catholic clergyman, of Natick, tells its own story:

DEAR MR. ANGELL:—I am much pleased to forward you per Adams express to-day the signatures of (1621) sixteen hundred and twenty-one scholars of our Public Schools of Natick *who have formed a Regiment*, to be known as the HENRY WILSON REGIMENT BANDS OF MERCY.

Any mail matter sent to me will be in turn distributed to the ten Bands *that form our Regiment.*

Yours sincerely in the good cause,

P. B. MURPHY,

COMMITTEE, ETC.

Natick, Washington's Birthday, 1888.

A KIND REMEMBRANCE.

Just before going to press a gentleman calls upon us and says: "Mr. Angell, my wife who has recently died, requested me to bring you a check for five hundred dollars to aid the good work of your Society." We receive it with gratitude and the earnest wish that the memory of her kind act to God's dumb creatures may pass with her across the dark river and add to her happiness as she has wished to add to theirs.

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION.

Just before going to press we receive the eleventh annual report of the American Humane Association of Societies P. C. Children and P. C. Animals. The receipts of last year were \$1,006.69, of which \$400 was given by a lady member of our Mass. Society. Of this sum \$365.85 was paid Mr. Landon for printing annual reports, circulars, postage, expressage, etc., and the balance to G. E. Gordon, President, for his agency and expenses. The contributions for the present year are \$563—made up of gifts by individuals and from eight Societies:—3 in Ohio, 2 in Pennsylvania, 1 in Wisconsin, 1 in Toronto, and the Rochester Society in New York.

DID YOU EVER SEE A BATTERY TAKE POSITION?

We had been fighting in the edge of the woods. Every cartridge-box had been emptied once or more, and one fourth of the brigade had melted away in dead, wounded and missing. We knew that we were being driven foot by foot, and that when we broke once more the line would go to pieces and the enemy pour through the gap. Here comes help. Down the crowded highway gallops a battery. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hill behind us. Six horses to a piece; three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on a gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men race for the brow of the hill. A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. Now the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying

away, the ammunition chests open, and along our lines runs the order, "*Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns.*" We have scarcely obeyed, when boom! boom! opens the battery and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought. The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around, they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then work again as before. Every gun is using fuse shells. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sounds from a line three miles long, and shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush. Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and guns are fired so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war; but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniacal singing, purring, whistling grape-shot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads are torn from their bodies. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crushes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other. Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost, as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts are blended into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass. *Up, now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is silence for ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of 3,000 muskets and we rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left, nor in front of us a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over winrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain. Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians see glory.*

—*New York American.*

[Many thousands of wounded and exhausted horses were left during our civil war on battlefields and in the swamps to die of starvation. EDITOR.]

S. S. TEACHER.—"Jennie, do you know what a miracle is? Jennie—Yes'm. Ma says if you don't marry our new parson it will be a miracle."

A MAN WHO KNEW A GOOD DEAL ABOUT THEOLOGY, BUT NOT MUCH ABOUT HORSES.

Grace Greenwood tells a story of the great theologian, Jonathan Edwards, as follows:—Mr. Edwards having preached for a country parson, found to his dismay on Monday morning that there was no man or boy about the premises to bring up his horse. On his confessing that he knew little about such things, his hostess, "on hospitable cares intent," went to the pasture, caught and bridled the clerical steed, and led it up to the gate. Then, as she was about to put on the saddle, the minister came out, and gallantly protested against her performing any further groom service, saying, he thought that he could manage the rest for himself. So she went about her household affairs. The good man was a long time wrestling with the mysteries of that saddle; but, just as the lady was going to his assistance, he came in to get his saddle-bags and take his leave. "Ah, Mr. Edwards, how have you succeeded?" she asked. "Very well, madam, I thank you," he replied; "but it was unusual employment for me, and I was a little awkward. I had some difficulty in properly adjusting the straps and buckles; and there is still a superfluous piece of leather, the office of which I cannot divine. But it hangs over the neck of the animal, and will not incommode me at all." The lady, somewhat curious, stepped to the gate, to find that Mr. Edwards had put on the saddle back end foremost and the superfluous piece of leather was the crupper.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A MODEL STABLE-KEEPER.

Not long since I was spending a night with a friend in New York, and was invited to an early ride in Central Park. The offer was gladly accepted, as I knew he had a number of valuable blood-horses, which were kept at a public stable. When I expressed surprise at his willingness to entrust such valuable horses to the care of any one but his own trained groom, he said: "The man who keeps this stable is a *born stable-keeper and a gentleman*. His men are carefully selected, and the following are his rules—*First, No man will be employed who drinks intoxicating liquors*. His men, like his horses, must drink water, cold water only. *Second, No man must speak loud to any of the horses, or in the stable where they are*. Horses of good blood are nervous, and loud, excited conversation is felt by every horse in the stable who hears it. Excited words addressed to one horse are felt by every other horse who hears them, and keep them all nervous and uneasy. *Third, No man may use profane language in the hearing of the horses*.

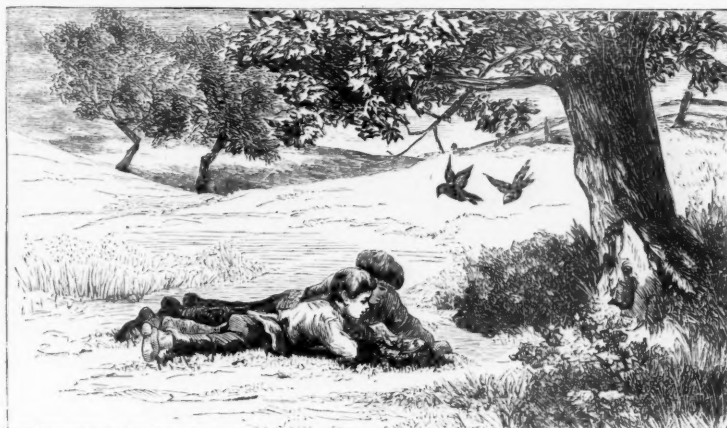
I was not surprised after this, that my friend was willing to leave his horses in such hands.

L. F. B.

HOW SHE GOT OUT.

A party had gone out accompanied by a small spaniel. While in pursuit of a rabbit, she fell into an old coal-pit full of water to within seven or eight feet of the brink. The dog swam about till nearly exhausted, when she was seen to make frequent but vain attempts to extricate herself by catching at a twig which hung over the pit and was near the water. This suggested the idea of making the animal's sagacity the means of saving its life. The handkerchiefs of the party were tied together, and a small knot being made at the end, were let down to her. With the utmost quickness of perception she instantly seized the knot in her mouth, and held on till she was drawn out of the pit. — From "Country Life," by E. Jesse.

WHILE there is not much music in medicine, there is a good deal of medicine in music. Music is a harmonious motion, and penetrates the soul by more ways than one. It is a universal language, that reaches the heart and sympathetic nerves. It is a soother and soporific, and a good medicine for souls distressed. Music thus takes the place of drugs, and is preferable to them. — American Teacher.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

On Page Four of the *Pundita Ramabai Humane Leaflet*.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

HOUSES FOR RENT.

FOR rent: a lovely dwelling,
Size six inches by ten;
One, I feel sure, would suit
Mr. and Mrs. Wren.

Situation, one of the finest
That can be found;
On top of a slender lattice
Full six feet from the ground.

Near this is another mansion,
To be let out in flats;
And it, too, has the recommendation
That it is out of the reach of cats.

Possession given in April;
The rents, for all summer long,
Are a very trifling consideration—
In fact, they are merely a song.

These bargains in country homes
Are to the best markets near;
And the price of seasonable dainties
Is very far from dear.

A strawberry or two blackberries,
For eating four fat bugs,
And cherries without number,
For keeping off the slugs.

Other things are in proportion,
And everything in reason,
From tender lettuce to peaches,
Will appear in their season.

From five in the morning till evening
These houses are open to view;
And I wish I had a dozen to rent,
Instead of only two.

L. A. FRANCE.

WHEN you turn a horse out to pasture, do not give him a slap with the bridle; he will remember it to your regret if you do. Make a pet and friend of your horse; it will improve him and make yourself a better person. — From the *North Western Live Stock Journal*.

MAMMA, I want some raisins. Mamma: Well, take a handful. Won't you get them for me, mamma?—your hand is bigger'n mine.

WHY is a side-saddle like a four-quart measure? Because it holds a gal-on.

[Translated from the French.]

Once, during a very severe winter, two village children went to the mill; each carried a little bag of grain. In passing before the miller's garden Bertha was filled with compassion at the sight of some birds perched on the hedge, that seemed hungry. She opened her bag and threw some handfuls of grain to them.

Her brother Robert grumbled at this and said, "you are very foolish, you will have less flour and our parents will punish you."

Bertha replied, "It is true I am not obliged to take pity on these birds; but our good parents will not scold me, and God may make amends for it in another way."

When the two children came again to the mill to get their flour, they found Bertha's bag had more in it than Robert's. The boy did not know what to make of it, and his sister was very much inclined to regard it as a miracle.

But the good miller, who had heard the talk of the children near the hedge, said to Bertha, "Your pity for the hungry birds gave me pleasure and I have doubled your quantity. Though I have put in the flour, consider it a favor coming from God to reward you for your goodness of heart."

INGENIOUS DEVICE.

A very ingenious device is now generally adopted by druggists to prevent the frequent mistakes which occur at night in administering a dangerous medicine for a simple one. This is entirely obviated by putting up prescriptions containing powerful remedies or poisonous drugs in rough bottles as prickly as the coat of a gherkin. Any one rising in the dark is at once warned of his danger. Many lives have already been saved by this simple contrivance. — *Globe-Democrat*.

THE MONKEY THREW BACK.

The fire at Wakefield, Mich., which destroyed forty buildings, started in the theatre. Somebody threw a frozen cabbage at a monkey which appeared in the play. The animal in retaliation threw a lighted lamp toward the audience. The lamp struck the stage and set it afire.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down. — Dr. Johnson.



Happy Horses. Loose Check-reins
and no Blinders.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State
who report quarterly.

Receipts by the Society in January.

FINES.

From *Justice Courts*,—S. Deerfield, \$3; W. Brookfield,
\$20.

Police Court,—Holyoke, \$5.

District Court,—Worcester, \$20.

Municipal Court,—Charlestown District, \$5; South
Boston District, \$1.

Superior Court,—Suffolk County, (2 cases) \$25.

Witness' Fees, \$3.50.

Total, \$82.50.

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Animal World. London, England.

Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Phila-
delphia, Pa.

Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.

Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.

Zoophilist. London, England.

Animal's Friend. Vienna, Austria.

New York, N. Y. Twenty-second Annual Re-
port of the American Society P. C. A., for
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